

## IN EARLY SPRING.

The water's awake at last, and the tawny  
meads grow green.

Clouds run over the sky, and the air is  
wild with glee.

Who can doubt for a minute what all the  
stir may mean?

The thrush goes flying up to the top of  
the poplar-tree,

With a "Spring! spring! spring!

Pretty-bird! pretty-bird! pretty-bird!"  
sings he.

Brave little pearls of palm begin to  
twinkle and gleam,

Frolicsome catkins volley gold-dust over  
the lea;

Oh; Earth is busy forgetting her wearisome  
winter-dream,

And loud and louder sings the thrush  
high up in the poplar-tree,

With a "Pretty-bird! pretty-bird! pretty-bird!"

Spring! spring! spring!" carols he.

Speaker. B. E. BAUGHAN.

## THE BLIND ARCHER.

Little Boy Love drew his bow at a chance,  
Shooting down at the ball-room floor.

He hit an old chaperone watching the  
dance,

And, oh, but he wounded her sore!

"Heh, Love, you couldn't mean that!"

Hi, Love, what would you be at?"

No word would he say,

But he flew on his way,

For the little Boy's busy, and how can  
he stay!

Little Boy Love drew a shaft just for  
sport

At the soberest club in Pall-Mall.

He winged an old veteran drinking his  
port,

And down that old veteran fell.

"Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!"

Hi, Love, what would you be at!

This cannot be right!

It's ludicrous quite!"

But it's no use to argue, for Love's  
out of sight.

A sad-faced young clerk in a cell all apart  
Was planning a celibate vow,

But the Boy's random arrow has sunk in  
his heart

And the cell is an empty one now.

"Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!"

Hi, Love, what would you be at!

He isn't for you

He has duties to do!"

"But I *am* his duty," quoth Love as he  
flew.

The King sought a bride, and the nation  
had hoped

For a Queen without rival or peer,

But the little Boy shot and the King has  
eloped

With Miss No-one on Nothing a year.

"Heh, Love, you couldn't mean that!"

Hi, Love, what would you be at!

What an impudent thing

To make game of a king!"

"But I'm a king also!" cried Love on  
the wing.

Little Boy Love grew pettish one day.

"If you keep on complaining," he swore,

"I'll pack both my bow and my quiver  
away,

And so I shall plague you no more."

"Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!"

Hi, Love, what would you be at!

You may ruin our ease,

You may do what you please,

But we can't do without you, you  
sweet little tease!"

Speaker.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

## OH, FOR A POET.

Oh, for a poet—for a beacon bright,  
To rift this changeless glimmer of dead  
grey:

To spirit back the Muses, long astray,  
And flush Parnassus with a newer light;

To put these little sonnet-men to flight  
Who fashion, in a shrewd mechanic way,

Songs without souls that flicker for a day,  
To vanish in irrevocable night.

What does it mean, this barren age of  
ours?

Here are the men, the women, and the  
flowers—

The seasons, and the sunset, as before.

What does it mean? Shall not one bard  
arise

To wrench one banner from the western  
skies,

And mark it with his name forevermore?  
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.